THE
NATION

MARCH 14, 1959 . . 25c

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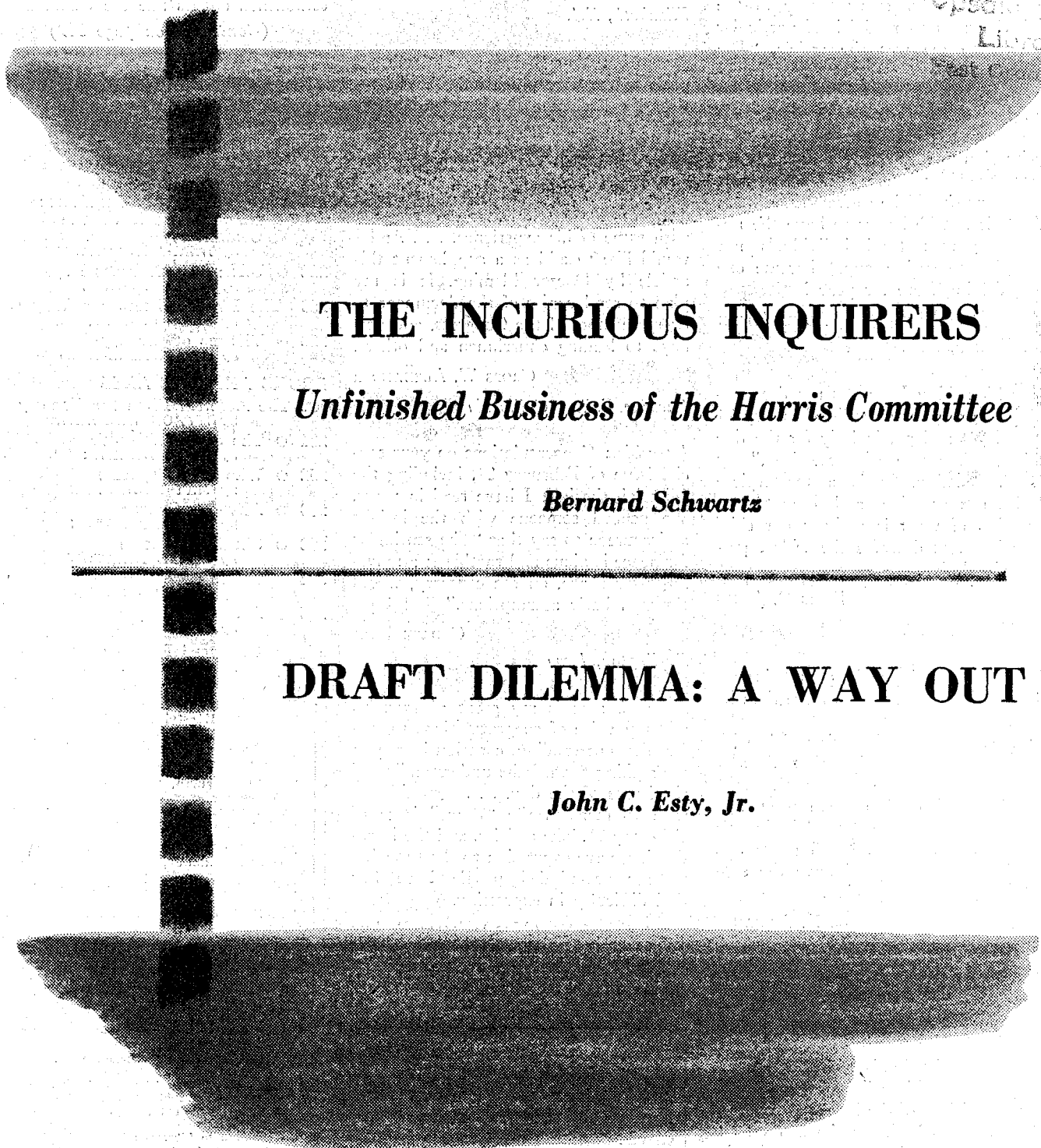

THE INCURIOUS INQUIRERS

Unfinished Business of the Harris Committee

Bernard Schwartz

DRAFT DILEMMA: A WAY OUT

John C. Esty, Jr.

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LETTERS

'If We Want Peace'

Extra copies of the special issue, "If We Want Peace," are available at low rates for bulk purchases. See order form on page 234 of this issue. — ED.

Dear Sirs: Your February 21 special issue, "If We Want Peace," was wonderful, wonderful, wonderful. If only it were possible for every family in the United States to read it! Of particular interest to me was the article, "The Voice of the People," by Stewart Meacham. It is heartening to have individuals and various groups throughout the nation speak out and act against global decimation by the cold war and hot arms race. Yet it is too bad that this movement should be so fragmented. . . . Would it not be better to have the numerous groups (and individuals not belonging to such groups) become one vast, driving force for peace?

ALLEN KLEIN

Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: May I express my deep appreciation of your splendid February 21 peace issue and particularly for the fine article, "A Purge of Obsessions," by D. F. Fleming. It is a masterpiece of keen perception and cogent presentation of what is perhaps our chief basic issue. It deserves the widest possible circulation.

ELLIS O. JONES

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Thank you for your February 21 issue. It is worth much more than its price.

I read Urban Whitaker's article with special interest. I wish that Senator Jackson would stop saying that the armed forces need more money and weapons. If the Senator stood for human welfare, disarmament, world peace and cosmic safety, he would have the support of this Washingtonian.

PAUL H. ADRIANCE

Moses Lake, Washington

Dear Sirs: Your special issue of February 21 was a ray of sunshine in our hoary cold-war atmosphere. However, Urban Whitaker in his essay, "The Courage to Debate," is guilty of several cold-war depositions of the liberal genre. "We cannot fail to be honored when we oppose a massacre in Hungary or the destruction of the family in China. . . . ," says Mr. Whitaker. But the United States was not opposed to a massacre in Hungary; it was opposed to the massacre of Hungarians! Is Mr. Whitaker unaware that Radio Free Europe had by implication led the Hungarian people to expect American aid the moment they rose to slaughter their Russian masters? And once the uprising began, did not R.F.E. broadcast advice to the Hungarian people as to guerilla tactics—albeit incorrect ones?

LEON SALES

Elizabeth, N.J.

Dear Sirs: Your February 21 issue appeals to me very much indeed. The article by Professor D. F. Fleming, "A Purge of Obsessions," is particularly excellent. . . .

I hope to print a monograph which will give the reactions of a liberal minister to the world situation together with some of his experience. . . . And I would like to add as a supplement this article by Doctor Fleming. It is my plan to send copies of the document to every member of the Congress, and perhaps to leading churchmen and others.

GROSS W. ALEXANDER

Lucerne Valley, California

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on your special issue of February 21, including the editorial, the best I have read in years. We needed someone with the insight and courage to say that "The sentiment for peace is pious and toothless; a movement for peace, on the contrary, would threaten basic assumptions."

GEORGE FINK

Burlington, Iowa

Dear Sirs: It is my great pleasure to add my voice of congratulations to you for the outstanding contributions you are making toward the understanding of the issues of the day. . . . I specifically wish to mention the "Peace" issue of February 21. The articles, and the introduction, gave expression to the thoughts most peace-minded people have but find difficulty in expressing.

(MRS.) EMMA R. LEE
Women's International League
for Peace and Freedom

St. Paul, Minn.

Can we afford peace? On March 28 a special issue of *The Nation* will be devoted to scrutinizing the impact of disarmament on the national economy.

Encourage — or Reward?

Dear Sirs: As one who has heard a certain amount of inside dope about the Ford Foundation's awards, I would like to applaud your editorial, especially the sentence: "This $150,000 is spent not to encourage talent but to reward success." You did not mention the awards in theatre where, for example, the two New York directors were directors of hits (on or off Broadway), while the out-of-town awards went to the best-established outfits like the Goodman in

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The Nation, March 14, 1959. Vol. 188, No. 11

The Nation, published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1959, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1959
VOLUME 188, No. 11

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The General Remains Calm

"Darkening Shadows of Crisis," reads the *Newsweek* headline. "The countdown has begun," Lyndon Johnson warns. Secretary Dulles summons his top aides to Walter Reed Hospital. Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's visit to Moscow (again in *Newsweek*'s lexicon) was a "diplomatic disaster." "This is it," says Alf Landon. Senator Jackson calls for a show of "diplomatic muscle," Senator Dodd calls on the Boy Scouts to mobilize. Almost every political figure of consequence in the United States is publicly stripping to his fighting trunks in anticipation of the May 27 showdown over Berlin.

Except General Eisenhower, who will have to give the word to fight, if fighting there is to be. Often, we hope in a not un-Christian spirit, we have been critical of the President's qualifications for the high office he holds. But we have always noted in his favor (and thanked God for it) that belligerence is not in his makeup. With five stars on each shoulder and a chestful of ribbons, a man can afford to keep his head when all about him are losing theirs. Certainly General Eisenhower has given an admirable example of composure in these past weeks. When Khrushchev knocked over the applecart, the President merely reiterated his determination to stand fast in Berlin; he spoke more in sorrow than in anger. When Khrushchev righted the applecart, the President voiced cautious but receptive optimism. To anyone who has the slightest acquaintance with the art of negotiation, it is perfectly clear that the President is preparing to negotiate but, since he wants to do so on the most advantageous terms, he avoids excessive anxiety on the one hand and excessive eagerness on the other.

One does not require the President's sources of information to understand the necessity of negotiation on the German problem. It must be substantive negotiation, with disagreeable give and take on both sides. Short of war, which would be suicidal, the diplomatic weapons are quite evenly balanced. Tactically, the situation favors the Russians. With twenty divisions on the ground and a preponderance of medium-range missiles, they can smile at the idea of a NATO armored column trying to crash through to Berlin. Strategically, they have nothing to smile at. East Germany has lost more than three million of its inhabitants to the West, including many of the most skilled. It can be indefinitely held only at the risk of a Hungarian-type revolt and armed repression. Even now Khrushchev cannot get a polite hearing in Leipzig, and things are going to get worse for him, not better. He must give up his tenuously held province, but the price is a stop to the nuclear rearmament of Germany and disengagement in central Europe. These terms are possible for Eisenhower, and if he needs convincing, Macmillan (and Gaitskell) will help convince him. Let our professional hysterics emulate Mr. Eisenhower's soldierly behavior and they may be able to get through the crisis without heavy sedation.

Economic Isolationism: 1959

On the morning of February 27, a full-page ad by General Electric brought the sleepy morning audience of the Los Angeles *Times* to sharp attention with the strident caption: "What Price National Security?" If only the patriotic citizens of Los Angeles, the copy read, would tax themselves "less than 10 cents annually per person" for the life of certain equipment, the nation's security against certain unnamed enemies would be safeguarded. Reading further, the startled citizens learned that the bid of Brown Boveri Corporation of Switzerland for two large steam-turbine generators for the municipally-owned Department of Water and Power had been accepted over the bid of General Electric. Indignant, G.E. had appealed the decision to the City Council and, by the ad, sought to rally the public in support of its bid.

The threat to national security seemed so clear and grave that *The Nation* decided to make its own independent investigation. Here is what we learned: G.E.'s bid for the two generators was *more than double*

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the $9,260,000 bid of Brown Boveri. Normally quite excitable on the subject of national security, the Los Angeles City Council nevertheless quickly ratified the Brown-Boveri bid on March 4 — throwing national security to the winds. By so doing, it not only made a tidy saving, but gave timely encouragement to a good customer for American products. In January, 1959, Swiss imports from the United States totaled 69.8 million Swiss francs (approximately $16.7 million) or 11.9 per cent of total imports for the month, while its exports to this country totaled 49.4 million Swiss francs (approximately $11.8 million) or 10.2 per cent of the total.

All the same, we are forced to conclude that the bidding for the two generators did have clear implications in terms of "national security." In the highly exceptional circumstances that have prevailed in the post-1945 period, wage-price spirals, notably in the administered-price sectors of the economy, have slowly nullified gains in American productivity, with the consequence, as the *Journal of Commerce* pointed out the other day (March 5), that the United States has been pricing itself out of world markets. Instead of facing up to the facts, the first response of the administered-price giants has been to seek still higher tariff protection or, as in the case of the two generators, to shout that "national security" is endangered by the neutral, peaceable Swiss.

"Mind Your Business"

It is against the background of such incidents as the Brown-Boveri bid that one must ponder the meaning of the ill-mannered suggestion of David McDonald, Steelworkers president, that Senator Kefauver should "keep his nose out of the steel industry's business." Senator Kefauver had proposed that the Steelworkers offer to limit their wage demands to an amount equal to the average increase in productivity in the industry as determined by an impartial board. In return for this modification of traditional union-wage proposals, the industry would agree to forego a price increase. To the Steelworkers president's boorish remark, Senator Kefauver replied that nowadays an increase in the price of steel is of concern to the entire nation, not merely to Dave McDonald and Roger Blough of U.S. Steel. The trade journals provide ample confirmation of the Senator's truism. Already the stage has been set for another wage-price hike in steel; indeed there are reports that the precise "package" has been agreed upon. Both the union and the industry, by a barrage of full-page ads and other publicity, have created the impression that a "prolonged" strike is "inevitable" once the current wage agreement expires on June 30. Seldom has an anticipated strike been so widely and thoroughly publicized by both parties so far in advance of the event. As might be expected, the result of this has been that customers have built up huge inventories—in fact so large that a "short" strike — a strike of convenience — is predictable, since layoffs would mean an increase in supplemental unemployment benefits, whereas a strike would not.

Fortunately, there is some reason to believe that the industry is aware that an expensive "package" deal cannot be passed along to customers quite as easily as on former occasions. Steel's largest customer, the auto industry, faced with foreign competition and mounting consumer dissatisfaction, must hold prices down. Also, as Harold J. Ruttenberg of the steel-using Stardrill-Keystone Company (he was once research director of the Steelworkers Union) has pointed out, there is a growing awareness that "this country is pricing itself out of more and more markets abroad." So it may be that in steel, as in the electrical industry, new competitive factors will force both industry and labor to realize that Senator Kefauver is right when he insists that the pricing policies of key industries are invested with a public interest. In Pittsburgh and Schenectady price policies are, indeed, related to "national security." As a nation we can neither be safe nor prosperous if American-made products are to be priced out of world markets and well beyond the reach of many American consumers.

Oathism

Three Texas legislators have introduced a bill requiring school and college teachers in that state to swear their belief in a supreme being. No particular deity is mentioned and presumably faith in Baal would suffice.

We doubt that this idiocy will get far, particularly since educators and clergy have been quick and loud to denounce it. But our times are marked by disasters caused by failure to give serious heed to idiocy, so we offer notice that the deity oath is now abroad in the land. Oaths, we find, come in family groups, and this new one is first cousin to the loyalty oath: says Representative Joe Chapman, one of the sponsors, "I have a suspicion that a great number of atheists are Communists." There, now, is a libel to make old Bob Ingersoll roar in Heaven.

Nice Work If You Can Get It

One of the basic duties of Congress is to investigate. In the discharge of this responsibility, both houses have delved into the affairs of innumerable miscreants and suspects, reflecting the rich profusion and color of American hornswoggling. Seldom, however, and then reluctantly, has the Congress investigated one of its own members. In this field, old-fashioned courtesy, respect for the privacy of the individual and a mellow charity seem to prevail. The admirable forebearance does not, unhappily, extend to the newspaper profession, which in recent weeks has been doing some delving of its own. Among the victims of a free press was the Hon. Steven

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V. Carter, newly elected to the House from Iowa, who was found to be paying his nineteen-year-old son (who continued to attend college) $11,872.26 a year to serve as his public-relations assistant. From Muncie, Indiana, came word that the Hon. Randall S. Harmon had leased his own front porch to the government for $1,200 a year, the rent check going to Mrs. Harmon, who was already on the Congressman's payroll at $344.10 a month to run the remodeled front porch as the Congressman's district office. And in New York City the Hon. Ludwig Teller has a district office, for which the government likewise pays $100 a month, from which his administrative assistant, Mrs. Sylvia B. McNamee, on the government payroll at $13,334 a year, ekes out a little extra change by selling insurance. Two other Teller employees attached to this office cost the government about $2,100 a year each. Although information about the Senate is harder to get, the public prints have also revealed that Diana Carroll, a student at Georgetown University Law School, makes $12,500 a year as administrative assistant to her father, the Hon. John Carroll of Colorado. It seems that Diana was getting only $10,500 a year and her father learned she was thinking of quitting, so he raised her to $12,500 as an inducement to stay.

In the meantime the Hon. Oren Harris, chairman of the House Oversight subcommittee, has complained that a book written by Bernard Schwartz contains "erroneous assumptions and conclusions" about his subcommittee (and will doubtless have the same to say about Mr. Schwartz's article on page 220 of this issue). Mr. Schwartz, it will be remembered, is the New York University professor who was fired from his temporary job as chief counsel of Representative Harris' committee when he displayed undue vigor in prosecuting its investigations. He is now back at N.Y.U., but as an investigator he remains unemployed. We realize that the suggestion is unlikely to fall on receptive ears but, if the Congress ever finds itself in a mood to investigate its Hon. Members, perhaps Mr. Schwartz would be willing to take a whack at it.

Teller Is Always Right

It is taken for granted in modern technology that anything can be done provided the government puts up the money. The scientists and engineers will do the rest. Apparently there is only one thing the geniuses of applied science cannot do, and that is to detect nuclear tests with sufficient reliability to satisfy the Pentagon, the Atomic Energy Commission and the embattled corporations of the country. The Russians may detonate a couple of kilotons somewhere and we won't know it, and then all will be lost.

In this view, neither the Russians nor our own scientists can be trusted. The people should not be afraid of strontium-90 in their milk; the real peril is the assemblage of U.S. and Soviet longhairs who, at the Geneva Conference of Experts last summer, concluded that a nuclear-test ban could be policed. In the current negotiations in Geneva the Russians are not making the policing easier, but their political objections are equaled by both political and newly hatched scientific objections in the United States. The Luce publications are sounding the tocsin loudest of all. *Time* informs its readers that new data "were enough to curl the scientists' hair," while in *Fortune* Charles J. V. Murphy, a former Air Force colonel and former special assistant to the Secretary of the Air Force, writing on "Nuclear Inspection: A Near Miss," finds that the "supposedly safe ground having crumbled under his feet, Mr. Dulles' problem was to back out of the trap he had all but set for himself while preserving at the same time the favorable impression that the original offer to suspend nuclear tests had registered upon world opinion."

Underlying the supposed near-debacle is the hypothesis that Dr. I. I. Rabi, Dr. Hans Bethe, Dr. James R. Killian, Dr. R. F. Bacher, Dr. James B. Fisk and other "liberal" physicists don't add up to a single Dr. Edward Teller. We are warned to be especially skeptical of Bethe and Rabi, who in "their deep distrust of a nuclear strategy that in their judgment can only lead the world to destruction" have, with appropriate safeguards, favored a test ban.

In the estimation of the Luce magazines, the safeguards have turned out to be illusory. We at *The Nation*, less omniscient in such matters, will not try to assess the arguments regarding thresholds for surface and underground shots, seismographic first motions, skip regions, background noise levels, etc. It may be we don't understand these things. But what we understand even less is why a nuclear-test control system must be absolutely "foolproof," when nothing else in engineering is. Nor do we understand why American technology, which has flights to the moon, Venus and Mars already programmed, cannot make some urgently needed advances in what Colonel Murphy calls the "dusty science of seismology." Can it be that this is another case where, there being no will, there seems to be no way?

An End to Free Rides

Credit the Supreme Court with rare fortitude. Not content with having stirred up the lions of the American Bar Association, it has now provoked the tigers of Madison Avenue. Largely ignored by the press — but not by the trade publications — the Court has ruled that sums spent "for lobbying purposes, for the promotion or defeat of legislation, for political purposes, or for the development or exploitation of propaganda" are not deductible as business expenses. The ruling was handed down in a case in which liquor dealers in Washington

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and Arkansas had sought to take deductions for advertising expenditures in a campaign to defeat dry-law proposals in those states. But the decision goes far beyond the facts of the particular case; it removes any doubt about the treatment of ads that seek to influence the outcome of a legislative battle, whether Congressional, in state legislatures or at the polls. Up and down Madison Avenue the agency boys are dismayed, furious and incredulous. The ruling, they say, interferes with "free speech" and "free press" guarantees. The Court, however, anticipated these objections, pointing out that anyone is free to use lobbying ads so long as he pays for them himself — out of his pockets, not the public till. In a word, the guarantee of a free press does not also include the guarantee of a free ride. One wonders how long the ruling will stand before it is offset by some form of Congressional action. But, for the moment, John Q. Public and General Motors are now alike in that either of them, when seeking to influence political action by lobbying ads, will have to foot the bill.

THE INCURIOUS INQUIRERS . . *by Bernard Schwartz*

Bernard Schwartz made headline news last year when he was dismissed as counsel for the Congressional Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight after he had accused the subcommittee of doing a "whitewash" job. Now teaching law at New York University, he is the author of the just-published The Professor and the Commissions (*Knopf*).—*Ed.*

ON FEBRUARY 19, Representative Oren Harris announced the reconstitution in the 86th Congress of the Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, which was responsible for so many newspaper headlines during the last Congressional session. Thus, there begins a new chapter in the strange and spectacular career of the body that has been well characterized as one Congressional investigating committee that tried hard not to succeed.

A year ago, Congressman Harris publicly promised that the Oversight probe would be "the most thorough investigation Capitol Hill has ever seen." This statement was a direct response to my widely publicized charge that Harris and his colleagues were attempting to smother the investigative materials which I had developed as chief counsel to the subcommittee. My dismissal as counsel and the resignation in protest of Representative Moulder, subcommittee chairman, forced Harris himself to slide into the head chair. And the public storm aroused by my charges of whitewash and subsequent dismissal did, without a doubt, force the Congressmen to present publicly much of the material uncovered by its staff — notably the Miami Channel 10 and Adams-Goldfine cases.

Now that the Harris committee has been given a new lease on life, it is appropriate to bring its balance sheet up to date. An article in *The Nation* shortly after my dismissal declared that "The committee that didn't want to succeed is on its way to a greater success than anyone expected." Certainly, the subcommittee's subsequent hearings lent added force to this conclusion. At the same time, the country is sadly deceiving itself if the rash of newspaper headlines has led it to believe that the Oversight subcommittee has carried out the really thorough investigation of the regulatory agencies that is so urgently needed. The reluctant Congressional dragon of early 1958 did not suddenly become transformed into a zealous prober. On the contrary, Oren Harris and his colleagues have not gone one step further than they have been compelled to by press and public pressure.

PERHAPS I am unduly censorious in emphasizing at this time what the Harris committee did *not* do. "Be satisfied with success," says Marcus Aurelius, "in even the smallest matter." The Oversight probe thus far has accomplished important results, foremost among them the forced resignation of Federal Communications Commissioner Richard A. Mack and Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams. In our system, the deterrent effects of exposures of improprieties cannot be overestimated. In this respect, the ouster of Governor Adams is of particular consequence. The fall from grace of one who occupied so pre-eminent a position in the White House is bound to give pause to would-be purveyors of improper influence.

The Oversight disclosures have already had a salutary impact on the regulatory agencies. Of course, the commissioners themselves are the same men they were a year ago—but they are badly frightened men. Their fear has made them more receptive to pleas in the public interest than they have been in two decades. Any lawyer who practices before the agencies is made aware of the change. Only last month, a leading practitioner before the FCC told me of a decision in his favor which, because of pressures brought on the other side, he had not had the faintest hope of winning when the case was begun over a year ago.

Moreover, the moral climate in which the regulatory agencies are operating has changed considerably. When I first urged upon the Congressmen the concept of the commissions as quasi-judicial bodies which must be completely insulated from all off-the-record contacts and influences, the reaction was one of derision. It was naive, the Congressmen felt, to expect the commissions to live in Olympian isolation. Today the need to insulate the commissions is generally recognized. The Attorney General has gone so far as to urge, in the rehearings before the FCC on the Miami Channel 10 case, that any

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ex parte approach be enough to disqualify a party in a commission case. One who engages in such an approach, Mr. Rogers well asserts, is "a corrupter of the Government itself and is fortunate if he loses no more than the rights he seeks to obtain."

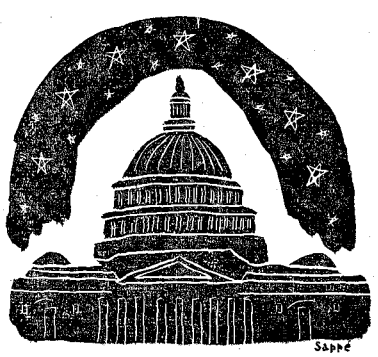
THE ABOVE constitute, without a doubt, important entries on the credit side of the Oversight ledger. What about its other side? It is vital that the public be made aware of the debits, for only public concern can force the Congressmen to complete their unfinished business. The story of the Harris committee to date is one of reluctant yielding to press and public pressure. The majority of the members had voted not to hold any public hearings on the Mack case, when my public disclosures exploded in their faces. In the Adams-Goldfine case, Oren Harris had "slammed the file shut"—Drew Pearson's phrase—when its essentials were spread in print in several leading newspapers, weeks before public hearings were held.

The committee's chief oversight so far has been its failure to go beyond the leads left by me. During the past year, its members have been engaged in presenting publicly the materials uncovered by its staff while I was still chief counsel. Even with this material, the committee has done no more than scratch the surface. In the FCC, the Congressmen have adequately presented at public hearings only the Miami Channel 10 case; I had scheduled no less than seventeen television cases for full-scale inquiry.

Perhaps the most spectacular of these (at least it has received the most newspaper attention) was the FCC's action in an Albany TV case, in which there was an intervention by the President's press secretary, James Hagerty. On February 26, 1957, the commission issued an order proposing to turn all television in the Albany-Schenectady-Troy area into UHF operation. On March 5, 1957, Mr. Hagerty wrote the FCC chairman, enclosing a letter from William J. Embler, an aide of the New York State Assembly's Republican majority leader. Embler had written that the Democrats were making political propaganda about the FCC order and that he was writing as one "concerned with the success of the Republican Party." In relaying the letter to the FCC head, Hagerty, who had served with Embler in the Dewey Administration in New York, referred to Embler as a "personal friend."

When asked by reporters about this intervention, Hagerty stated that he did not see how he could have exerted any influence since the FCC order had already been issued before he sent his letter. The fact is, however, that three months after Hagerty intervened, the FCC reversed itself, making all television in the area VHF. Whether Hagerty actually influenced the commission to reverse on anything but the merits can only be determined by full Congressional hearings. Yet, even from the facts available, it is clear that there was an improper intervention. As Roscoe Drummond wrote recently in the New York *Herald Tribune*: "These quasi-judicial bodies have a duty to deal with every applicant absolutely evenly. How many people having business with these agencies can get a letter routed through an assistant to the President? On the face of it, this is not even-handedness."

Another TV case which deserves a full-scale Congressional probe is the award of a Boston channel to the Boston *Herald-Traveler*, New England's leading Republican newspaper, which already owned the most powerful radio station in the area. Hearings last month in the FCC have shown that a veritable galaxy of Washington luminaries were approached on behalf of the various applicants in this case. The publisher of the *Herald-Traveler* admitted having had private lunches with the FCC chairman while the case was pending, as well as having discussed the matter with Sherman Adams, Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks and White House aide Maxwell Raab. Other applicants similarly approached the two Senators from Massachusetts, as well as other high Executive officials. Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr., then Republican leader in the House, told a losing applicant, "You fellows have been outpoliticked." As if political considerations should have played any part in the decision!



Hearings in many other TV cases would reveal a similar pattern of off-the-record approaches and influences. After all, as George C. McConnaughey, who was FCC chairman while most of these cases were decided, has testified, he "never shut the door on anybody" while chairman. Moreover, he asserted, other FCC members also made it a common practice to talk privately with applicants.

THEN there is the vast area of the FCC's work which lies outside television licensing. Close observers have been much disturbed over the commission's failure to implement anti-trust policies and its refusal to prevent patent monopoly in broadcasting. These matters have received only the most perfunctory attention from the Harris committee. The almost complete lack of effective FCC regulation of telephones and telegraphs is another matter of great consequence. Why did the FCC under Chairman McConnaughey (a former telephone-company lawyer), overriding staff recommendations, terminate an investigation into A.T.&T. rates? Why did the commission permit A.T.&T. to earn during 1955-57 some $159 million more than it was entitled to under the generally accepted theory of rate-making? The Oversight investigation has not even pretended to touch these important aspects of FCC operations.

Similar questions arise with regard to the work of most of the other regulatory agencies. Why has the Civil Aeronautics Board constantly discriminated against the non-scheduled carriers in favor of the large scheduled air lines? To what extent

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has the Federal Power Commission succeeded in achieving the objectives of the Harris-O'Hara Natural Gas Bill through its "interpretations" of existing statutes? Has the Interstate Commerce Commission tended to equate the "public interest" with the interests of the railroads it is supposed to be regulating? Has the Securities and Exchange Commission applied exemption provisions of its laws so as unduly to favor certain large investment and other companies, particularly those with powerful political connections? So far as can be seen, the Harris committee has done absolutely nothing with regard to the whole field of regulatory activity outside the FCC.

WHAT is particularly distressing to one personally familiar with the Oversight probe has been the Congressmen's suppression of documentary evidence in their files. Thus, the Hagerty correspondence in the Albany TV case has been in the possession of the committee for over a year. Surely, here was a matter that called for further inquiry; but the Congressmen chose instead to keep it buried in the committee's pigeonholes.

Without a doubt, the most important documentary suppression has been of the material contained in the so-called "Mack diary." This document was brought out into the open on February 16, when the original losing applicant in the Orlando, Florida, television case filed a petition with the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, to which the case had been remanded last year by the Supreme Court. The petition alleged that the Mack diary contained evidence of improper influence and asked the court to aid petitioner in securing such evidence.

FCC Commissioner Richard Mack —who was forced to resign as the result of evidence uncovered during the Miami Channel 10 hearings— had kept a detailed account of all actions in which he was involved as a commissioner. The original of the diary, which runs to several volumes, is now in the possession of the grand jury which indicted Mack late last year. But the Harris committee retains a photostatic copy. Those who have had the opportunity to examine it are united in their assertions that it contains some of the most explosive material revealed in Washington in many a year.

WHY HAS the Harris committee continued to suppress materials in its files like the Hagerty correspondence and the Mack diary?

The prime deterrent to a thorough investigation of an agency such as the FCC is, without a doubt, the fact that too many Congressional fingers might be burned. Any close observer of the regulatory process knows that members of the Congress are as guilty as any in bringing pressures on the agencies. The Albany station which benefited from the FCC reversal after the Hagerty intervention has among its stockholders five Congressmen, including Representative O'Brien, a senior member of the House Commerce Committee, to which the Oversight subcommittee is subordinate. Those who have seen the Mack diary have stated that among those most incriminated by it are members of Congress. The reluctance of Oren Harris and his colleagues to reveal some of the most damaging materials in their files is thus really a prime illustration of that first axiom of Washington politics: Congress does not investigate itself.

Now that the Oversight investigation is about to be resumed, it is essential that the press and the public be made aware of the committee's unfinished business. For, as in the Mack and Adams-Goldfine cases, only press and public pressure can force into the open all of the materials in the committee's files—particularly those which concern the improprieties of Senators and Congressmen themselves.

It is true that improper influence in the federal agencies can be likened to an iceberg. Even after the most thorough investigation, most instances of improprieties will remain hidden. But this is no excuse for inaction. There is greater need today for investigation than there was when Speaker Rayburn urged the creation of the Oversight subcommittee at the beginning of 1957, for we have now had some indication of what is really going on in the commissions. Publicity, Justice Brandeis once said, is justly commended as a remedy for diseases in the body politic: sunlight is said to be the best of disinfectants, electric light the most efficient policeman.

UN: THE TRUSTEES DEPART . . *Jane Stolle*

United Nations

THE ISSUE before the U.N. this past month, complex on the surface, in reality was as simple as black and white. The documents on the horseshoe table of the Trusteeship Council read: "The future of the Trust Territories of the Cameroons under French administration and the Cameroons under United Kingdom administration"; and the talk was of termination of trusteeship, independence and how best to arrange it. But the basic issue was African nationalism vs. colonialism.

Under what conditions and to what extent can the former colonial powers retain a foothold in the new Africa? That problem motivated the thinking of the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Portugal, and often their great and good friend, the United States, on such apparently local questions as the holding of new U.N.-supervised elections in the French Cameroons before independence comes in 1960. The colonial powers opposed elections. Why? Because they believe that the opposition to the present French Cameroonian Government has pan-African, anti-European tendencies that bode ill for future collaboration in any part of Africa.

The African bloc, by plumping for new elections and for full amnesty of political prisoners, was at the same time rejecting the presence of sticky, colonialist fingers—and making their

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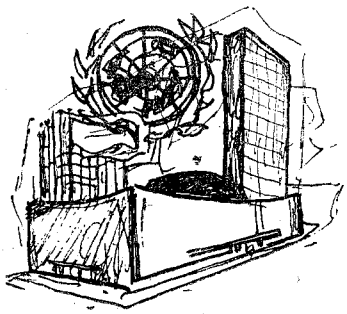
own bid for leadership in a future United States of Africa.

And so it went, too, with the question of the British Cameroons' future. The words were different, but the underlying theme of "white imperialists, go home" was the same.

Certain keenly interested spectators with very black faces followed the debate, and you could tell the players without a program. It depended upon where they sat. Those behind the British delegate were members of the British Cameroons Government; those behind the French delegate, from the French Cameroons Government. They were the "ins"; and facing them from high up in the visitors' section—carefully self-segregated from the other visitors—were the opposition, the Cameroonian "outs." The "outs" had come from the Cameroons, and from exile in Cairo and other friendly refuges, as petitioners to the U.N. to raise their objections to the state of affairs in their native lands. At certain times they descended from the visitors' section to tables in the center of the horseshoe, where they were allowed to speak their piece—fifteen minutes each. Behind their pleas for just application of the amnesty law, for new elections, their condemnations of the British and French imperialists and their Cameroonian "puppets"—sitting "there"—was the awareness of how often yesterday's "ins" become today's "outs," and vice versa. French Cameroonian Prime Minister Ahidjo, not long ago



an "out," is today an "in"; and the man he succeeded in office, M. Mbida, only yesterday an "in," is spending this session at the petitioners' table as an "out."

They seem a lonely group, the petitioners—sitting apart in the visitors' section, or spotlighted in the center of the room at the petitioners' table. But, just as the Cameroonians whom they have called "puppets" walk the U.N. corridors and dine in the delegates' restaurant with their French and British friends, so the petitioners have their own "connections" outside the Council room: the Ghanians, the Liberians, the nationals of the United Arab Republic, and that selective backer of nationalism, the USSR. And once in a while a stray "puppet" joins a group of petitioners for a chat and they're all just Cameroonians together.

In fact, the present seating arrangement in the Trusteeship Council has a very temporary look to it. There has never been any fundamental differences between the petitioners in the visitors' section and their countrymen at the delegates' table as to the ultimate goal: independence. Nor, despite what the petioners say, have the Cameroonians ever been docile wards, whoever was sitting in the back row at the delegates' table. There have been disagreements that led to bloodshed, imprisonment and exile for some, and to leadership for others, over how soon there should be independence and under what conditions. But "ins" and "outs" have always agreed that the white man was politically dispensable.

So, come 1960, decisions taken during the 1959 debate on "The Future of the Trust Territories of the Cameroons under French administration and the Cameroons under United Kingdom administration" may prove purely academic. There will be no petitioners, no "puppets"; just Cameroonians.

The future, from where the whites are sitting, looks black indeed.

THE DRAFT DILEMMA: a WAY OUT . . *John C. Esty, Jr.*

SELECTIVE SERVICE and the teacher shortage carry one major common denominator: they are both serious national problems to which no acceptable solution has been found. Curiously enough, everyone knows about the shortage of teachers, but appallingly few people understand the dangers of the present draft situation. It is my intention to point out a few of these, and then show how both problems might be solved by one stroke.

JOHN C. ESTY, Jr., is Associate Dean and military service adviser at Amherst College and a captain in the Air Force Reserve.

On February 5, the House Armed Services Committee brought to the floor of the House of Representatives a bill to extend the draft beyond June 30, 1959. In his report, Chairman Carl Vinson of the committee made a convincing defense of the bill. It is worth examining some of his reasoning. In the first place, he pointed out that in 1948, when there was a hiatus in draft legislation, there were 1,384,000 men in the armed forces on a voluntary basis. This was well short of the two million men deemed necessary at the time; if projected to today's need of 2.5 million, it would be manifestly inadequate. (But since 1948, higher pay rates, incentive pay and fringe benefits have combined to make a military career more attractive. In other words, we just don't know what strength levels we could predict today with voluntary service.)

Speaking to the point of alleged inequitable liability to the draft, Mr. Vinson cited Department of Defense figures to show that on November 30, 1958, nine out of ten qualified men attaining age twenty-six had served, or were serving, their obligation and that for all registrants, the ratio was seven out of ten. Projecting present strength levels and annual replacement needs, it was estimated that in 1963, of those

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reaching twenty-six years of age nearly eight out of ten *qualified* men will have served; and of *all* men in the age group—including 4Fs and other deferments—the ratio will be five and a half out of ten.

During committee hearings, the Chief of Staff of the several armed forces testified unanimously on the absolute necessity of extending the draft. It was clear that each of them benefited from Selective Service—even though only the Army requires draftees—because of the large number of volunteers produced by its pressure. Debate on the House floor generated only mild challenging of the wisdom and acuity of these military leaders. In the end, an amendment to extend the draft for only two years, and to establish a fact-finding committee, was beaten down, and the bill to extend the draft for four years passed, 381 to 20.

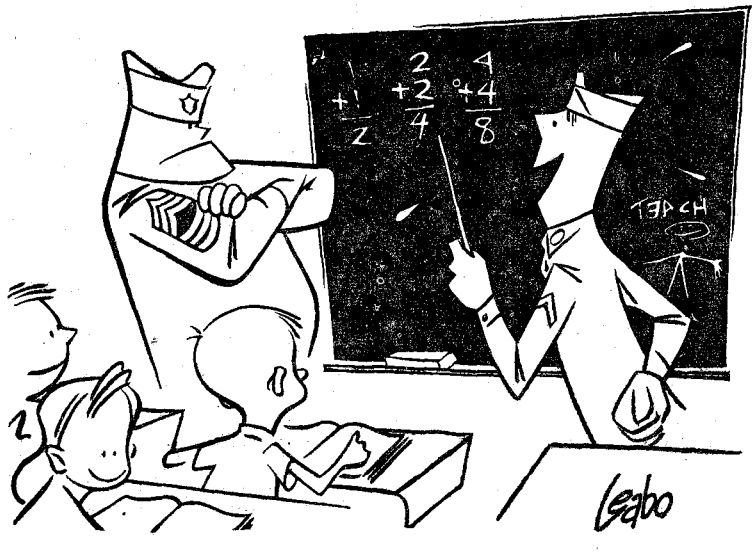
THE OPPOSITION expressed itself mainly on the customary ground of hopeful abdication from world responsibility and sincere revulsion over mandatory bearing of arms. But unlike the debate four years ago, when the final vote was 394 to 4, there was a new element of discontent, partially characterized in the concern of a number of freshman Congressmen over the military effectiveness of present procedures. Their argument centered on the need for a new concept of manpower usage, more imaginative recruitment and re-enlistment policies, and the obvious inequities and uncertainties felt by young men who are facing the draft. They emphasized the waste of money and morale attending forced conscription, and envisaged much bolder applications of the "Cordiner Committee" recommendations for an all-volunteer, competitively attractive, armed service. Their efforts were overridden by powerful bipartisan leadership in the lower house.

However, the insurgents were successful in the creation of a subcommittee on manpower needs. Under the chairmanship of Melvin Price of Illinois, this group will examine "all phases of defense-manpower utilization, including . . . the utilization of technically trained personnel in technical positions . . . a determination as to whether additional combat organizations may be created by more efficient utilization and without increasing the total strength of the military forces, and such other matters as may be pertinent to the foregoing." It is expected that a report will be available by midsummer (although anyone familiar with the involutions and sprawling elusiveness of the military organization might agree that a fair report would take two years). In any case, it is to be hoped that the subcommittee, in preparing its report —

1. Will realize that the Defense Department figures of Mr. Vinson overlook the working of the youthful mind. The statistics quoted deal with what can be said about twenty-six-year-olds. But surely a young man does not wait until he is twenty-six, then look back to see if he has been handled justly. The figures for the men of age twenty-six in 1963 pertain today to the man who is twenty-two. He senses that only half his age group will have to serve, and wonders how to get in the half which won't. Even worse is the superimposition of service needs on a population curve just starting to bulge with the war babies. In 1963 about 1.8 million men will turn seventeen. Projecting the same service needs on this group means that only one-third will serve. In other words, the inequity is not even static; it progressively worsens.

2. Will take a long hard look at the reserve program, the most involved and most confusing of all the manpower programs, with the exception of a few outstanding units. The six-month program seems to me to bear utterly no relation to national defense in the nuclear age. Reserve-unit meetings are almost universally a farce. Why is the program so slick in theory and so chaotic in practice? The answers aren't to be found in Pentagon charts or generals; you have to go to the reservist who sits through boring, irrelevant programs one night each week.

3. Will realize the demoralizing effect on young men as they witness the Selective Service machinery, clogged with an ever-increasing input and much smaller military demands for the output, deferring larger groups for poorer reasons. For example, in the four years that fathers have been deferred by Executive order, almost a million men otherwise qualified have escaped the draft; in four more years, the figure will at least double. Several hundred thousand more will escape because they have the inclination or the money to continue their schooling. The key point now is that deferment, which extends the age liability legally to thirty-five, is necessary only to age twenty-six, after which age the draft boards are instructed to induct no one. The college senior, who is generally within hailing distance of twenty-six, thus sees his chance to escape and is sorely tempted to make a try for it. With so many ways to avoid the draft and watching so many men succeed at it, he loses his sense of duty. If he cannot become a father conveniently or



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doesn't get to graduate school, the uncertainty of his status undermines any constructive plans for the future. (I have elaborated on this distressing phenomenon in "Draft Dodger or Patriot: The Dilemma of the College Student," *The Nation*, January 10.)

4. Will examine just who the people are who have been escaping. The largest category by far is the three million or so who are physically or mentally unacceptable. General Hershey has suggested that some civilian-defense duties be assigned to this group. Certainly there must be many thousands whose intellectual talents — albeit lodged in infirm bodies—could be used. The million draft-free fathers could be utilized some way without causing undue community hardship, especially those who have been educated or trained in critical specialties. And what of the group over twenty-six? Most of those who would be acceptable are the very ones deferred to continue their graduate training, the very ones whose talents could be of inestimable value directly in the national service. In other words, certain policies of the draft act systematically preclude a great reservoir of brains and talent to the Defense Establishment.

5. Will see the problem simply: too many men with two few places to utilize them effectively, and scandalous disuse of talent, particularly brainpower.

THERE IS one more chance for a public look at manpower legislation before it crawls back under the obscuring mantle of short-sighted, unimaginative execution.

Last week the Senate Armed Services Committee began considering the House bill on the draft. They will have to deliberate on the feasibility of several proposed alternatives, the most satisfactory of which is clearly a volunteer service established to compete in the market place qualitatively and quantitatively for manpower. Epitomized in the Cordiner report, this concept is an old story to Congress and apparently presents too bold a gamble for our military leaders. It has clearly not been sufficiently or seriously enough explored by either the Pentagon or Congress, and one gets the uneasy feeling that this is partially because it is a new idea. The small steps already taken to implement part of the Cordiner proposals have proved effective in raising the re-enlistment rate, although the very duties for which the Pentagon says men are needed most received the poorest incentive increase. In any case, the whole concept seems unfortunately to be a dead issue.

Realistically, then, it would seem as though we must continue to operate under a system of forced conscription of *some* people for *some* military duties. The problem therefore reduces practically to finding meaningful and defense-related occupations for the huge surplus of trained brainpower which drains systematically out of the manpower pool. At this point I would like to suggest that the Senators view the problem, thus reduced, in juxtaposition to another national problem even more serious—the shortage of teachers. The instant, striking observation is that the wasted talent in one pool is potentially what is needed desperately in the other. Could we not create a scheme whereby the two problems resolve each other?

SO MUCH has been written about the teacher shortage that its existence no longer needs elaborating. Two points will suffice. Both the Rockefeller Brothers' report on education and the Fund for the Advancement of Education have positively stated that it will take something like one-half (about two million) of *all* our college graduates in the next *ten* years to meet the need for teachers. Recently about one-fifth have been entering teaching. The second point is that with all the efforts of hundreds of agencies and groups to increase the supply of teachers, the requirement cannot possibly be met; we probably can't even come close! But there is one untapped source of potential teachers which could supply the quantity and motivation needed: the surplus Selective Service manpower pool.

With the advent of Russia's Sputnik, it became clear that education and training were major weapons in national defense. Congress recognized the relationship in the title of the National Defense Education Act of 1958. It would seem logical, therefore, to make teaching an extension of "National Service," and permit young men to satisfy their obligation by becoming teachers at whatever level they are able to find a job and for a specified period of time—say three years.

The principle would appear to be especially applicable to those who are now escaping the draft entirely because they are over twenty-six, fathers, or physically unqualified. The relief valve thereby created to the presently unmanageable surplus would eliminate many of the inequities which are a function of too many men with too few places to utilize them.

The idea is somewhat similar to Walter Reuther's plan of a broad, federal scholarship program in diplomatic, teaching, technical and service subjects to induce young people into these fields voluntarily in place of military service. The Reuther plan, however, is offered as a substitute for conscription, whereas my proposal seeks to make the best of a bad situation — the draft — with which we shall presumably be forced to live for at least another four years.

The proposal is not radical, for there is plenty of precedent for exempting certain groups and providing "alternative service." Ministers, for example, are exempt from military service; conscientious objectors may serve as medical guinea pigs and in hospitals; workers in "essential industry" are deferred as long as they remain "essential" (although this is not strictly alternate service); teachers of science can often be deferred, and will not be drafted at all if they teach until age twenty-six. It must be said that the Draft Law is at least this flexible, and some order may be brought out of the impending chaos through Executive action. But these groups comprise only some thousands annually, while the proposal to make teaching an alternative form of service would involve several hundred thousand men each year. This should probably be the province of Congress to sanction, and anyway, constructive action seems to be too

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much to expect from manpower officials without prodding from Congress.

The proposal has these features:

1. The Selective Service System would be retained for its value in providing military inductees and volunteers, and for readiness in case of sudden large-scale need.

2. No great increase in administrative machinery is necessary. The procedure for reporting alternate service and employment in "essential industry" already exists. An approved list of institutions at which teaching could be credited is available from the Veterans' Administration and regional accrediting agencies. A man who has taught for three academic years at an approved institution would be considered to have discharged his service obligation.

3. If the number of vacancies now existing and projected in our schools and colleges were filled by alternate-service teachers, and there are more than enough trained, talented men in the draft pool to do this, then it would be possible for *all* young men (except the physically and mentally unqualified, who might be used in civil defense) to fulfill some sort of obligated service. This would more truly meet the "universal" concept and ease the democratic conscience.

4. Many more trained minds could be utilized in the defense effort than at present, *at no additional cost to the government.*

5. The chance is provided for wholesale recruitment of potential teachers, many of whom might be permanently "captured" for the profession.

6. With more applicants than vacancies, the teaching profession could raise standards all along the line; if a prospective applicant didn't qualify, he would simply be inducted for military service.

There are a number of objections to this proposal—all of them, I think, answerable. *It is dangerous to force people to teach.* Quite true, but I have talked with many college students about the plan, and almost unanimously they would feel so grateful for the chance to use their education and settle their plans, that they would give maximum effort gladly. *It is not a good idea to recruit teachers on a temporary basis.* There is always this risk anyway, and thousands of young women just out of college enter teaching with every likelihood that they will leave for marriage and a home after a few years. *Isn't the proposal a case of special rewards for a privileged class?* Yes, but we appear to provide the opportunity for any American with the urge and the brains to go to college, and it's certainly more democratic than to allow a privileged class to escape the draft completely, as now happens. *If you provide alternate service for teachers, why not for social workers, foreign-service people?* Why not!

The defense of this country rests fundamentally on two great systems: the one for enlisting talent in its service, the other for developing that talent. Both systems are now inadequate and can only deteriorate in the future. A relatively simple act of Congress could transform the weakness of one into the strength of the other.

VICTIMS OF CHARITY . . *by Dan Wakefield*

"CHARITY," the speaker said, "begins at home."

The hall, full of some of our affluent era's most underpaid and poorly benefited workers, clapped and cheered. They are workers who commonly average $34 a week, without unemployment and disability benefits, without union representation, and in some cases, with a six-day week. They are waging a large-scale battle now against one of New York City's most useful and important instruments of charity — the "voluntary" hospitals, supported mainly by private philanthropy. That philanthropy is not their benefactor, but their boss. In the kind of wages it pays, it has driven many of its workers to seek extra help from the public-welfare agencies of the city and state. Such are the tangled curses and blessings of our affluent society.

Until last year, some 30,000 men and women who have now been tagged as "New York's forgotten workers" were quietly toiling away in the city's eighty-one voluntary hospitals with wages and benefits — or lack of benefits — that made even most of the exploiting employers who operate in conjunction with the "racket unions" seem rather progressive. But the hospital-employer was breaking no law, indulging in no sort of labor-racket trickery, and sweating no personal profits from the lowly-paid workers. Because of their status as charitable, non-profit institutions, the voluntary hospitals are excluded from jurisdiction under the Taft-Hartley Law and the State Labor Relations Act, and are exempt from unemployment and disability payments.

A comparable situation exists throughout the United States in voluntary hospitals, which make up

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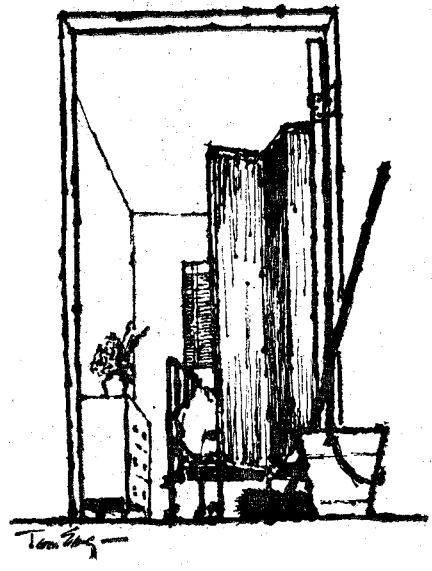
a vital part of the nation's health service. There are three main types of hospitals, based on their means of support: city and state, voluntary, and private. The first type is supported by city and state funds; the voluntary hospitals are subsidized mainly by religious institutions or by contributions from private philanthropic agencies (for instance, the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, which helps support Mount Sinai and Montefiore in New York City) and individual and family money (for instance, support from the Winthrop and Vanderbilt families of New York Hospital); the "proprietary" or private hospitals are privately-owned and, unlike the others, operate on a profit basis. The private hospitals are usually smaller institutions, ranging from 20-120 beds, but there are a number of them, and it is estimated that they employ around 12,000 workers in New York City. But the much larger voluntary hospitals, numbering eighty-one in New York City and employing roughly 30,000 workers, rank with the city-supported hospitals in total number of beds. The city-hospital employees have been organized by the State, County and Municipal Employees and a Teamsters Union local, but until the last few months all efforts had failed to launch a large-scale organizing drive among the underpaid workers of the voluntary hospitals.

Except for a few abortive efforts during the massive CIO drives of the thirties, unions had largely left these hospitals alone. The thousands of workers required to run them had been forgotten by unions, employers and public alike. But within the shining walls, beneath the highly paid and always short supply of doctors, beneath the efficient squadrons of Florence Nightingales (also short in supply, and organized into a professional nurses' group, though not a union) there have simmered in silence the thousands of non-professional and non-protected workers whose daily tasks are essential for the hospital's maintenance. They are cooks and dishwashers, nurse's aides and lab technicians, janitors and clerks, plumbers and laundry workers. In New York City, most of them are Negro and Puerto Rican.

A city-wide drive to organize these workers is boiling now under the leadership of the Retail Drug Employees Union, Local 1199, (an affiliate of the Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Union). The local broke the traditional non-union front of the voluntary hospitals last December with a decisive 628-31 representation vote at Montefiore Hospital, climaxing eight months of organizing activity. Up till that time, the only voluntary hospital in New York City that had recognized a union was Maimonades, which had been passed on to Local 1199 of the Retail Drug Employees by the Teamsters several years ago. Local 1199, which was born in the thirties, has organized 85 per cent of the city's pharmacists — a total of about 6,000 workers. Now it has decided to try to extend the single voluntary-hospital group it already has in the fold into a wide-scale movement that will crack the whole non-union policy of these institutions.

THE crack at Montefiore resounded through the New York City press with a long-belated discovery of the "forgotten workers" in the voluntary hospitals. When Montefiore recognized the union, *The New York Times* editorialized:

> Montefiore President Victor S. Reisenfeld and President Leon J. Davis of Local 1199 deserve public applause for having settled their dispute. . . . With City Labor Commissioner Felix they can take great satisfaction for having jointly blazed a trail that looks as if it will be widely followed.



Local 1199 jumped into this clearing in the woods with everything it had, and shortly after its December victory at Montefiore was distributing cards and leaflets at forty-one of the city's eighty-one voluntary hospitals. Meetings were scheduled nearly every night at the local's midtown headquarters for workers from hospitals all over the city. Requests for information grew — especially from Puerto Rican workers — as *El Diario de Nueva York*, the largest Spanish language daily in the city, published more stories and editorials on what it called *"La Cruzada de Local 1199."*

"La Cruzada" in many ways is the only union-organizing drive of the fifties that the word "crusade," in any language, seems appropriate to attach to without provoking a tongue in the cheeks of the organizers, or a flush in the cheeks of the reporters looking on. To walk into one of these organizing meetings is to walk back into a time of the five-and-a-half and six-day week, the wages under a dollar an hour, the fears of firing from the boss for "talking union," and the almost revival-meeting enthusiasm of workers suddenly awakened to a way out of their plight.

Last January, some fifty workers from Lenox Hill Hospital sat in a smoky meeting room at Local 1199 and looked up, not toward a white-coated superintendent, but to an organizer in open-necked sport shirt and horn-rimmed glasses. He was telling them in firm, slow words, "It is no secret that till recently workers in this city felt a hospital job was one you come into, save a little, and go on. Everyone felt there was no future in hospitals. Now, for the first time, they know that if they organize well enough they can get decent wages and conditions until they can look on hospital work as a job where they can be treated as respectable human beings."

The organizer said that Lenox Hill, with a total of 600 workers, now had 200 signed up with the union; he asked the brothers and sisters assembled how the prospects looked for getting a majority.

A Negro lady from the nurse's

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aides' department spoke up to say: "We're doing pretty good in our department, but a lotta people are afraid — they think they're gonna be fired. And some of the nurses told the girls they shouldn't join a union because then the hospital would be like a 'business.'"

The others hooted, and one voice raised above the rest to say, "It's all right for the nurses to talk, they get plenty and they don't want us to get it."

A lady from the kitchen staff raised her hand and reported that "The ladies in the cafeteria say they get paid mostly by tips and the union can't help them. One of the supervisors said the union can't help us, we'll still have to work no matter what the union does. Well, all I know is when I see those people making $32 a week I'm ready to join *anything*."

After most of the departments had reported their progress, and the organizer had answered questions and urged them on, a Negro organizer from the union staff got up to assure "his people" in the audience of the fair treatment they would get in this union. The union, he said, had no discrimination, and "welcomed Negro people, Puerto Rican people, Jewish people." Later on, he asked how the Puerto Ricans were doing, A Puerto Rican boy rose to report with pride: "We signed up all the Spanish people in the kitchen but the cook."

The organizer smiled and said, "You fellas can do a good job, see, you can speak on the job and the boss don't know what you're talkin' about."

BEFORE the questioning was over, there arose the problem that comes up in all these sessions — the balking of the white-collar and "professional" workers. Clerks and lab technicians don't fare much better than the other workers, but in the grand old tradition, attempt to supplement their income with pride through distinction from the masses. College-trained lab technicians usually make less than $50 a week in these hospitals, but along with the office workers, they are the last to accept the union. It was the constant task of the organizers to remind the other workers that the white-collar brothers and sisters usually didn't make enough to keep their collars white.

The Lenox Hill meeting was about to break up, with another scheduled for two weeks off, when a lady hesitantly raised her voice to ask what seemed a possibly embarassing question: "Some of the ladies heard they have to pay dues and a big fee to get in the union, and I don't know what to answer 'em." It was the organizer's pleasure to assure the assemblage that "We're not asking hospital workers to give us one penny for dues or anything else — until the day we get a contract for them with better wages and conditions. Then, our dues are $3 a month; but the rest of our union has decided that the hospital workers are getting so little to begin with that they won't have to pay an initiation fee at all."

The audience applauded in relief and approval, and got up to file out the door, some of them stopping to pick up more cards for the continuing crusade. These smaller conclaves of organizing committees and department meetings, both at union headquarters, and at temporary halls rented out near the larger and "hotter" hospitals of the campaign, had grown by the first week of February to rallies of hundreds of workers from hospitals that had reached a majority. By then, Local 1199 had rolled up majorities at four hospitals and claimed to be nearing the mark in several others. President Leon Davis of Local 1199 on February 4 sent letters to the directors of Mount Sinai and Beth David in Manhattan, the Jewish Hospital in Brooklyn, and the Bronx Hospital, announcing that a majority had been reached and requesting recognition and contract negotiations. He also announced that the union was approaching majorities at Knickerbocker, Lenox Hill and Flower Fifth Avenue hospitals.

The Mount Sinai workers, who represented the largest of the bastions newly encircled by the union, met at 1199's headquarters on February 4 to hear new congratulations and exhortations. There to express the shame of neglect and promise of fulfillment from the city's organized labor movement was Morris Iushewitz, secretary of the Central Labor Union Council of New York, who admitted that the 30,000 unorganized toilers in the voluntary hospitals are the "shame of the labor movement" of this city.

Davis told the hall, packed with more than 300 workers from Mount Sinai, that they were finally making their way out of the wilderness: "I don't know of any organizing drive that took on the kind of crusading spirit that you have—it's taken exactly three weeks and two days to get the majority signed up at Mount Sinai. . . . This is the beginning of a new day—a new day of dignity and self-respect. The hospitals will never be the same and the workers will never be the same."

THE audience was with it, and out of the rows came low "Umm-*hmmm*"s of approval in the tone and cadence of the "Aaaa-*menn*"s that rise spontaneously at revival meetings. "Yes, yes. . . . You said it. . . . Oh yes. . . ." came from ladies swaying slightly back and forward in assent. The problem of the union was not so much to urge them on as to keep them in line.

"We must," said one of the organizers, "have discipline." He explained that some over-zealous workers in the hospital had already broken ranks in private "strikes" of their own invention: "Last week a couple of people in Oxygen decided to strike on their own—they just walked off the job, and now they're waiting to be called back. . . . A couple of others over at the Animal House, in the lab, stopped working and started making demands. Well, we just can't do it that way."

Local 1199 has a specially sensitive responsibility in organizing the hospitals because of the obvious dangers involved in workers walking out of oxygen wards and surgery rooms. Such potential dangers have been major factors in keeping the hospitals a sacrosanct field long held untouchable by unions. The very phrase "hospital strike" sounds almost villainous. But Local 1199 threatened just that at Montefiore —though of course with careful safety precautions that would keep essential functions going—and had even

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hired a strike hall before the last-minute recognition was granted. Davis has said that his union will use the strike, as a last resort, in fighting for recognition at the other hospitals. But at the meeting of the Mount Sinai workers, the union leaders repeatedly urged the group to have patience, and not to make any sort of move without consent from the union. The crowd listened to all these appeals for faith and patience, and at the end of the evening a man from the back of the hall got up to ask the first question: "When," he asked, "are we going to strike?"

AFTER their long sleep, the hospital workers have awakened with impatience and outrage. There is still a long way to go before the traditional non-union front of the voluntary hospitals is broken, but the first break has come and thousands of workers are knocking at the white-painted walls. Already a major step toward better conditions has been brought about by the union drive through a $12,000,000 increase in the city's payments to voluntary hospitals, announced last month by the Mayor. The city contributes $16 a day for each ward patient in the voluntary hospitals, but the cost of maintaining these patients is $25 a day. The new grant will mean an increase to $20 a day for each ward patient, effective July 1; and in three more years the grant will rise to $24 a day. It has been the argument of the non-profit voluntary institutions that they already operate at a deficit, and can't afford to increase workers' wages. The union can now point to the increase as a source to be used for this purpose.

The tide that is running now in New York will also inevitably seep into the hinterlands. Only in California are other voluntary hospitals organized, but the precedent in New York City will probably shake the customs across the country. The last of the "forgotten workers" seem finally launched on the crusade that most of their brothers performed in the thirties. The rhetoric of battle is nearly the same, but in our complex era of affluence these underprivileged workers are not the victims of profiteers, but of charity.

March 14, 1959

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover.)

Chicago and Actors Workshop in San Francisco.

Who chooses the plays that will be produced under Ford auspices? It is a "closely guarded secret," though everyone knows the richest producer in town is a juryman. What plays have been chosen? A groan is going up from the theatres where they've been submitted: "These aren't plays, they're lousy TV scripts" is the characteristic summary. What plays were turned down? They include, to my knowledge, one of the best scripts of one of the best younger playwrights.

There is an analogy with the Rockefellers' activities on (or concerning) Lincoln Square: just to show we aren't suckers or bohemians or beatniks we are appointing for our non-commercial stage the same people (Mr. Whitehead, Mr. Kazan . . .) who are successful or damn soon will be in the commercial theatre.

JEROME CLEGG

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: My purpose is not to defend the Ford Foundation, which can very well fend for itself, but only to defend the kind of novelists and poets who received the grants. These are the professional writers with several books to their credit who already have received wide critical appreciation, and who presumably want to continue to do serious work without crawling in the marketplace. Such writers get a very bad deal in America today.

The young, "promising" writer gets some help. There are other foundations which make small grants to them. Quite a few university appointments are open to them. And book publishers are quite often willing to finance one or two books. The number of "promising" first or second novels that are thus published is quite amazing. These people are presumably on the young side, and can afford to make personal sacrifices.

But what happens to them later, after they have published four or five books, often is nothing short of personal disaster. Suppose their first book was published when they were twenty-five, suppose four or five of their books were published in the next ten years, and suppose that all these books received fine reviews, and netted the writer for his ten years' work some $20,000. This is a very high average income, though of course it can be spectacularly exceeded in individual cases included in the average.

What are these people to do? They are now thirty-five, they can no longer defer responsibility. They can stop writing. They can go intensively into teaching, at the expense of their writing. They can compromise their standards. They can take off for Hollywood, or they can try to find some other kind of job and try to continue their writing in their spare time. None of these solutions is satisfactory from the point of view of the development of a high literature in America. I assure you that this is the type of problem with which publishers have to deal very frequently.

We launch writer after writer who is considered promising—a wicked word—and he disappears from the literary scene. In part the desire of the public is at fault. We kill our writers young in America. But more at fault is the fact that in America today the esteemed writer has trouble making a living. . . .

The Ford Foundation grants have not rewarded financial success, as your note implies. . . . It is quite clear that the grants were intended for writers who have been successful in the literary sense, so that they shall be even more successful in the future, and not swerve from the course to which their talent points.

HAROLD STRAUSS
Editor-in-Chief
Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.
New York City

Back Issues Wanted

Dear Sirs: Some time ago we asked you whether anyone might be interested in back issues of *The Nation*. We had not expected that you would publish our request — as you did — in your letters column. The result was that we received inquiries from many laudable organizations. We disposed of the magazines on a first-come, first-served basis, and the American Friends of Vietnam won by a wide margin.

I now suggest that if anyone else has a whole set, or a substantial number, of back issues of *The Nation*, and would like to get rid of them, please write me. I have the name of a library in this country that would like to have them. I also have the name of a group in West Germany that is interested.

ROBERT SILVERSTEIN
500 West National Avenue
Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin

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The Admiral Fires the Faculty

EDUCATION AND FREEDOM. By Vice Admiral H. G. Rickover, USN E. P. Dutton. 256 pp. $3.50.

Myron Lieberman

DURING the past few years, the mass media have propelled Admiral Rickover into national prominence as "the father of the atomic submarine." On this paternal note, the Admiral has been portrayed as a kind of naval Billy Mitchell, defying incompetent superiors who do not grasp the significance of the new weapon. If this book is any criterion, Rickover would not shrink from the comparison. Indeed, his scathing criticisms of organization men who give orders to technical experts are written with a thrust which must have pierced more than one hide in the Pentagon.

Rickover explains his interest in education very simply. His major obstacle in carrying out the research, development and building of nuclear reactors was "the inadequacy of the American education system in this dynamic twentieth century." Interviewing more than two thousand young men in the past twelve years, Rickover found only a very small number qualified to work on nuclear power projects. "This experience made a deep impression on me. It led me directly to a study of why our educational system produces so few men who are qualified to do the work which we must do if we are to progress."

In some respects, Rickover's ideas about American education are sounder and more advanced than the theories espoused by educators generally. He recognizes, as do few professional educators, that the tremendous diversity of academic standards for degrees and diplomas is a serious handicap to educational progress. He brings out the anachronistic nature of state certification of teachers, as if mathematics teachers in California should be prepared differently from those in New York. In this connection, Rickover effectively disposes of the charge that the establishment of national standards in education would necessarily endanger academic freedom. While his assertion that "only the mediocre have reason to fear the establishment of national standards" is an oversimplification, it is much closer to the truth than most educators realize or are willing to admit.

Rickover also summarily rejects the notion that more money will by itself solve our educational problems, though he minces no words on the imperative national need for larger educational expenditures. He admits that raising salaries immediately means paying many unqualified teachers more than they are worth, but insists that we cannot withhold the higher wages until the sheep have been separated from the goats. One of Rickover's major worries is the impossibility of securing qualified science and mathematics teachers as long as their salaries are geared to those paid teachers of driver education and home economics. Few professional educators would agree with Rickover on this, but I believe he argues correctly that salary differentiation according to teaching field is as important as salary differentiation between individuals according to merit.

Like many other contemporary writers on the subject, Rickover overestimates the extent to which education has been an institutional bulwark of freedom in American society. Nevertheless, he does have some valuable things to say about freedom as well as about education. Rickover emphasizes that we live in an age of experts and that there are grave dangers to democracy in its inescapable dependence upon expert authority. In his view, professional ethics must be regarded as our major institutional safeguard against this danger. His analysis of professionalism shows a sophistication which contrasts most favorably with the platitudinous trash on the subject in educational literature.

BUT for all its challenging insights, *Education and Freedom* is likely to be more blinding than illuminating; indeed it seems to me that on balance the book does a marked disservice to American education. Its valid points are submerged in sensational and quite irresponsible ranting about our educational situation. Those who can distinguish the valid comments from the invalid do not need the Admiral's advice; those who cannot, are apt to accept his most unwarranted statements and overlook the others.

Take, for instance, the Admiral's tirades against John Dewey. According to Rickover, Dewey did not believe in intellectual training; according to Dewey, in his most important book on education, "The sole direct path to enduring improvement in the methods of instruction and learning consists in centering upon the conditions which exact, promote and test thinking" (*Democracy and Education*). Again and *ad nauseum*, Dewey was the chief apostle of "life adjustment education" which "merely aspires to adjust the child to life as it is. It does not bring out the potentialities in children which would change life for the better." Actually, Dewey repeatedly rejected this theory. He wrote that "Education is not infrequently defined as consisting in the acquisition of those habits that effect an adjustment of an individual and his environment. The definition expresses an essential phase of growth. But it is essential that adjustment be understood in its active sense of *control* of the means of achieving ends. . . . The savage is merely habituated; the civilized man has habits which transform the environment" (*Democracy and Education*).

THE Admiral's disregard for the facts is by no means confined to his anti-Dewey diatribes. Analyzing the decline of academic standards "all along the line," he asserts that "an average mark of 85% today is equivalent to the bare passing mark of 60% a generation ago." This statement is made without qualification as to subject, grade level, teachers or students compared, or anything else. Indeed, the context indicates that no qualification is intended. Common sense calls not so much for a refutation as for a query into the sources of this astounding dictum.

However, the most striking weakness of the book is not that the Admiral navigates without data; it is that he sets sail in so many different directions at the same time. In writing about engineering, he emphasizes that no occupation can be regarded as professional unless it resists lay interference in carrying out its work. Yet he says approvingly that it is no longer possible to "fool" the American people into leaving education to the professional educators. He charges repeatedly that professional educators are a powerful group, but casually refers to a young principal who got fired be-

MYRON LIEBERMAN teaches at the Graduate School of Education, Yeshiva University, and is the author of Education as a Profession. *He has contributed to* The Nation *two related articles (issues of February 28 and March 7) on the national problems of American education.*

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cause of community pressure when he instituted a tough academic curriculum for able students. He states that "profession" has a well-accepted meaning and spends the next two pages proving that it does not. He bleeds at the lack of professional status for teachers, but pleads for the licensing of "mothers who in a sense become retired when their children grow up but whose own good college education qualifies them to teach after a short refresher course."

When he writes about engineers, Rickover recognizes that every profession must fight to gain autonomy. Then he praises teachers for not seeking the power needed to ensure professional autonomy in education. On one page (181) the lack of public interest and support for educational reform is the biggest barrier to educational reform; on another page (189) "the mood of America has changed," and professional educators are the big roadblock to reform. "In a rapidly changing world no one can foresee what future problems will have to be met; but, on the other hand, "human problems have a way of persisting unchanged through the most revolutionary permutations of man's environment." In this last case, though, there is no need to worry about which statement is correct: the Admiral makes them both justify the same curriculum.

According to Rickover, the public schools, following a Pied Piper named Dewey, made the mistake of emphasizing social adjustment, athletics, social graces, and other non-academic objectives. These things may be as malignant as the Admiral makes them out to be, but I am at a loss to understand his cause-and-effect theory about them. As the Admiral writes the history of education, these evils are spreading upward from the public schools to the liberal arts colleges. Actually, athletics, marching bands, fraternities and sororities, school dances, and all the other non-academic activities which raise the Admiral's temperature are hand-me-downs from the liberal arts colleges, where they still flourish. Even today, at most of the Ivy League colleges which Rickover holds up for adoration, the "all-around" student is preferred to the bookworm from Brooklyn. If and when these colleges honor intellectual achievement, the public schools will do the same.

Finally, I must mention the arrogance that pervades the book. Rickover tells us that the special schools he set up succeeded in giving engineering graduates the fundamentals of a liberal arts education, something they did not acquire during their college careers. Perhaps some day the Admiral will pass his teaching secrets along to the many engineering schools whose graduates were found so deficient. In another outburst Rickover warns us that he is "going to fly in the face of the opinions of all sorts of self-appointed experts on the needs of modern man by suggesting that familiarity with classical thought not only enriches life but is distinctly useful to any professional man." Just who other than himself appointed Rickover "an expert on the needs of modern man," or why he thinks himself a lonely champion of the usefulness of classical thought, is not made clear. But the apogee of Rickover's arrogance comes when he seriously compares his inquiries to those of Plato. I came from the book awed by the Admiral's monumental display of self-assurance—and also wondering whether he had helped to solve the problems of education, or had added himself as a new wrinkle to the problem.

The Scope of Radar

THE PULSE OF RADAR. The Autobiography of Sir Robert Watson-Watt. The Dial Press. 438 pp. $6.

Carl Dreher

WATSON-WATT describes himself as a "sixth-rate mathematician, a second-rate physicist, a second-rate engineer, a bit of a meteorologist, something of a journalist, a plausible salesman of ideas. . . ." Except for an occasionally obtrusive interspersion of mediocre quips and wisecracks, he is also a good writer. Still, since much of his book is devoted to technical details of interest only to the radio historian, it would hardly qualify as fare for the general reader except for one thing: it illuminates our times. Radar gets less publicity than missiles and nuclear energy, but it is part of the technological revolution which is sweeping us, at an ever accelerating pace, toward an unknown destination. How, why, and by what manner of men, is the technological revolution carried forward? Discursively, mainly by indirection, Watson-Watt supplies some of the answers.

The M.I.T. Radar School definition of radar is "the art of detecting by means of radio echoes the presence of objects, determining their direction and ranges,

CARL DREHER is a frequent contributor.

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recognizing their character and employing the data thus obtained in the performance of military, naval or other operations." Watson-Watt lays claim to the invention of radar in this sense or any other, and he makes good his claim to the extent that any one man, or even a team, can be said to have invented anything. Born in Scotland in 1892, in the nineteen twenties and earlier he was an obscure radio engineer working on direction finding in connection with atmospherics — natural static. In the thirties, although his name was unknown outside of radio circles, he was no longer obscure: he headed the radio department of the British National Physical Laboratory; he had christened the ionosphere, the radio-reflecting layer of the earth's upper atmosphere, and he was co-author of a monograph on "Applications of the Cathode Ray Oscillograph in Radio Research." The cathode ray tube is not only a primary laboratory tool, but the "scope" (for oscilloscope) of radar and the picture tube in TV.

BUT it was Hitler who gave Watson-Watt his great chance. In 1935 the director of scientific research of the Air Ministry asked Watson-Watt what he thought of the prospects of using "damaging radiation" — a "death ray" — in defense against enemy air attack. Watson-Watt replied immediately that he did not think much of the idea. He conceived it in terms of concentrating high frequency radio energy on the pilot of the aircraft and literally making his blood boil. This can be made to work at very short range, as when a steak is cooked in a high frequency oven, but sufficient energy could not be concentrated at distances of miles or even fractions of a mile. Even if the requisite energy could be concentrated, it would first be necessary to detect and locate the hostile aircraft. Almost as quickly as he saw that the death ray would not work, Watson-Watt realized that a radio ray, in the form of pulses of short duration, could obtain the desired information. It was chance that the inquiry came to Watson-Watt, but, as Pasteur said, chance favors the prepared mind.

Profit, oftener than necessity, is the mother of invention, but in the case of radar the sequence was the proverbial one. Although the beginnings of radar long antedated the fascist threat to Britain, it was the imminence and magnitude of that threat, in contrast to American feelings of security (exaggerated then as feelings of insecurity are exaggerated now), that accounts more than anything else for the fact that in February, 1941, when the first American SCR 268 came off the production line, the British had already turned out more than a thousand radar transmitters.

Subsequent American contributions to radar have been great and Watson-Watt does not minimize them. If proof is still needed that technological élan is not confined to any one nation, he supplies it. The obtuseness of technological bureaucrats is equally universal. Were it not so, radar could have been invented in Britain several years earlier. In 1931 two "bright young men" — Watson-Watt does not give their names — connected with the War Office Signals Experimental Establishment, proposed a scheme for finding the distance and bearing of a ship by radio reflection. The answer was that they could carry on researches, if they cared to do so on their own time, provided that on each occasion they obtained a pass authorizing their presence in the laboratory after hours. In 1925 King George V in person had asked the Admiralty if a radio system analogous to acoustic underwater detection might not be feasible. The department of scientific research dismissed the royal suggestion. "'No,' Watson-Watt remarks, "is one of the most dangerous words in any language."

He is at his best in his analysis of one of the most melancholy chapters in American military history, the radar fiasco at Pearl Harbor. During the United States Fleet Problem in the spring of 1938 the aircraft carrier *Saratoga* launched a surprise air attack on Pearl Harbor from a position a hundred miles distant. The Japanese merely copied this war game in 1941. It was successful both times. The United States had five operational radar stations in Hawaii in November, 1941. The Honolulu *Advertiser*, on the Saturday following Thanksgiving, carried a headline, "Japanese May Strike at Weekend," and on December 6, "Japanese Navy Moving South." But from 4 AM to 7:30 AM on December 7 only a telephone operator and a young Air Corps lieutenant were on duty at the Signal Corps Information Center, which was to serve as a radar plotting room but which was not equipped to plot anything, except perhaps crossword puzzles. The lieutenant had no instructions of any kind. He had never seen radar in operation and knew nothing about it. When the incoming Japanese aircraft were detected by two Signal Corps privates and he was notified, he told them, in effect, to "forget it." Asked at the Congressional hearings, "Why were you up there at all?" he answered, "Sir, I really don't know."

The lieutenant was not at fault and finished the war as a lieutenant colonel. His superiors, the commanding general and the admiral who didn't speak to each other, were the ones who bequeathed to the people of the United States the Pearl Harbor trauma which still makes rational assessment of the country's military hazards perilous to anyone who undertakes it.

The same mistake will not be made again, but worse mistakes will be made if a third world war is permitted to occur. As Churchill says, war is little but a catalogue of errors. And today the scope for mistakes is enormous. With missiles, atomic explosives and radar systems available in abundance, the opportunities for blunder of World War II will be dwarfed.

Watson-Watt supplies a good many little-known facts and correctives, if anyone cares to make use of them. One hallowed theory which he disposes of is that technological advance is indissolubly linked with private enterprise. If private enterprise's borrowings from publicly financed research were nullified, the whole technological structure would collapse. The British wartime radar development was led by civil servants and university professors from beginning to end. Watson-Watt refers to himself as "thirty years a Civil Servant, now a socialist in 'private enterprise.'" The quotation marks are his.

The Pulse of Radar is provided with a glossary but lacks an index, an inexcusable omission in a book of its kind.

Who Gives

Hushed waves of muttering
lap the dumb cathedral stone
when to an inscrutable river
the suppliant turns in awe
fluent as may be that bounty
hoped for and flowing in legend
through icon and stained glass.
But they that stare at tinted stream
unbidden dare not cross
nor put their trust to questioning:
Who asks; who gives; who receives—
the wish denied or half-fulfilled.

In such a tide, unctuous and edgeless,
my bright childhood angel drowns.
That tall, self-sufficient angel,
alien to this wine-dark atonement,
was once possessed and as possessive
as my cat usurping the softest bed
knowing in way of her own survival
all she needs to know:
Whom to ask, what to give, and
when to slip in feline pattern
along the way of broken stone
where her kind is absolute
and dizzy mice extravagant.

MAY MILLER

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Alive on Cyprus

BELOW THE TIDE. By Penelope Tremayne. Houghton, Mifflin. 192 pp. $3.

Robert Hatch

THE AUTHOR of this account spent a year on Cyprus at the time of the EOKA terror; she is a woman of striking and varied excellence. She is not a professional writer, but has a marked gift for expression — one of those really rare examples of the heroic personality which can also record the substance and quality of a period of high action. Her publishers tag Miss Tremayne as courageous — a perfectly accurate and in the circumstances perfectly banal designation. Courage by itself would have carried her nowhere at all in Cyprus two years ago. She possessed a much more effective weapon — a scornful belief in human beings. Threats and violence frightened her; more important, they struck her as being basically fraudulent and she advanced on them in a dogged conviction that they were chimeras. She did not so much walk into situations as through them — she kept moving, psychologically, and she survived.

Miss Tremayne had been asked to go to Cyprus with the Red Cross, not because she was trained in that work but because she spoke colloquial Greek. And because she knew the language, she spent comparatively little time in metropolitan Nicosia and was for the most part stationed in outlying mountain villages. EOKA was organized on a village basis, and she well knew that some of her neighbors wore two faces. But what they would not admit, she would not admit; courtesy and the scruples of honor are so deeply founded in Cyprus that they easily encompass matters of life and death: Miss Tremayne succeeded in making her own continued life a point of decorum. That, for example, was why, when prowlers were trying her latches night after night, she did not remove a ladder that was conveniently at hand in the garden. It leaned there against a lemon tree as a sort of talisman for the English girl and her daytime Cypriot friends; what happened at night was obviously ritual, and would remain ritual while the ladder stood there to prove it. Tact, when you live as the lone hostile in a community burning with national pride and triggered to irresponsible violence, is a much more valuable attribute than courage.

Miss Tremayne came face to face with violence early and often during her year in Cyprus. She saw men horribly killed, she was present when bombs exploded, she helped to fight forest fires pointlessly started (it was Cyprus that suffered), she mentions mean and cruel ways in which anonymous extremists abused their countrymen as a means of fanning hatred of the persisting British. Miss Tremayne understood the quiet, almost delicate, pride of the Cypriots and sympathized with their touching faith in union with Greece; but for the men and methods of EOKA she expresses nothing but disgust. In this she is not entirely logical, because many of the village men for whom she had warm regard were undoubtedly powerful within the movement she despised. She made exceptions for her friends — or said to herself that insofar as they showed her friendship they were not typical terrorists. Perhaps they were not — or perhaps the remorseless adventurers the author thought of as "they" did not really exist. The tragedy of Cyprus was not unique. It obeyed the terror pattern that we know will emerge whenever imposed authority is disputed by guerrilla nationalism. It is at least as old in our own tradition as the Deerfield Massacre. When the situation is apt, men do monstrous things, but it is no explanation to call them monsters.

Just in the last few weeks, great and encouraging things have happened for Cyprus. A solution has apparently been found — a solution so obvious that one wonders why it took the British and the Cypriots so long to stumble on it. Curiously, the changed situation has almost

Obsolete

I'm going to drive up
to the gate and tell him
to take the knock out
of the motor and the bump
out of the spring
and straighten
the bent-in side,
repaint the body
and put in new upholstery.
I'll pay him a fair price.
I've sat behind this wheel
ten years, I don't need
a new car, I just need
repairs. This fellow
will blow up, he'll go mad,
he'll want to beat me up,
his eyes bloodshot, his voice
thick to know
if I'm a wise guy,
with him standing
in front of his new cars;
and if he pulls me out
and beats me up
I'll know damn well
he's admitting
he can't make me obsolete.

DAVID IGNATOW

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no effect on one's response to *Below the Tide*. That is so because it is written with lively art and directed, for all its political asides, to the behavior of people, not of states. What preoccupies the reader is the community feeling of the island, the light strength of its people, the men and women who by winks and smiles, raised eyebrows or murmured words, let the author know that, though her life hung by a thread, the thread was as strong as her faith in them.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

GEORGE FARQUHAR's *The Beaux Stratagem* (Phoenix) might be set down as a hit of the 1707 London commercial theatre. It has the requisite topical material of the period: jokes about highway robbers as well as about impoverished gentlemen seeking adventures (including marriage) to extricate themselves from their embarrassment; also, jokes about country wives who long for the capital and about uncouth husbands who smoke, swill and swear to excess. The jests border on the licentious but, because the eighteenth century was to turn sentimental after the bawdy Restoration days, no actual adultery is committed and all the play's naughtiness is marked by a rural jocularity.

What *The Beaux Stratagem* has in addition is a freshness and lightness in dialogue, a witty dryness of expression which prevents its material from growing stale. I have seen the play several times in England and now at last here, and have always had a pleasant time.

The acting style for this play comes more naturally to the English than to us because English society hasn't so much changed as to make the eighteenth century seem a totally different world from the one known to the present-day Englishman. Everything before 1914 seems almost mythical to Americans, so if an American production of an eighteenth-century comedy has something about it of a college romp with a dash of native vaudeville, we should not deplore the fact. The play still comes smiling through in its not untalented "translation" on East 12th Street.

REDHEAD (46th Street Theatre) may not be a good musical but it is an attractive show. It would be easy but not quite accurate to say that its sole attraction is Gwen Verdon. The complete absurdity of the show's plot has been turned to advantage. The more ridiculous the plot became the better I liked it. At the end the show seemed to have developed something approximating a "style" of its own — that of a kid's entertainment akin to the merry hell of a Keystone comedy. The director-choreographer, Bob Fosse, ably seconded by a nice cast and Rouben Ter-Arutunian's clever sets, has transformed what might have seemed hopeless material into stage fun.

None of this could happen without the pivotal presence of Gwen Verdon. She has an extremely ingratiating speaking voice, a lovely figure, fine eyes; she dances delightfully and acts with charming spontaneity. Yet all these attributes, valuable as they are, do not explain the "mystery" which gives her — or any almost similarly endowed player — a *star* quality. Beyond all the separate gifts, there must exist a special element which crystallizes the others and makes them function with a particular fascination.

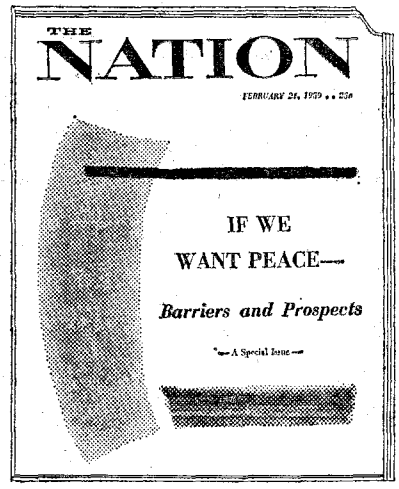
Ethel Merman, for example, possesses the hearty vulgarity of metropolitan restaurants and night spots; Judy Holliday, the slightly wounded honesty of the half-educated but feeling city girl; Julie Andrews, the dewiness of the old-fashioned music-hall favorite who still retains the fragrant atmosphere of an English garden. Gwen Verdon exemplifies the gay side of our contemporary theatre: she is a gem of light-hearted but consecrated show business — precious through its integrity and its bent toward self-perfection. Hers is a backstage sense of play and romance. Gwen Verdon is a Broadway dream.

PERHAPS the kindest way to characterize *God and Kate Murphy* by Kieran Tunney and John Synge (54th Street Theatre) is to call it an Irish mish-mash.

Kate Murphy, loving mother of two sons, has crippled the older one by preventing his becoming a priest (a profession to which he has always felt the call), while she torments the younger one into entering the priesthood which has never really attracted him.

We are given to understand through the older boy that Kate Murphy is "the mother of all Irish mothers." What particularly is wrong with Irish mothers? According to the evidence of the play they are, besides being greedy and dominating to the point of unscrupulousness, ruinously fanatic Catholics.

This may be a bit thick but what is even more troubling is the authors' treatment of their basic premise. For the older brother, who wholeheartedly believes in his religion, persuades the



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younger one — newly ordained as a priest — that it would be wrong to renounce his vows even though the young man has made it abundantly clear that he never felt anything much about his religion, is spiritually unequipped to make it his vocation and passionately prefers to marry a young girl from whom his mother has perversely separated him. Still the young man decides to go off to become a missionary in Africa — either because he has had a last-minute conversion to his faith or simply to get away from his infernal mother.

Is this irony or pathos? What a missionary the young priest will make, being devoid of any religious sentiment! And is the older brother, who speaks of Ireland as having seen the light of Catholicism and the need to redeem the benighted Africans, while he heaps filial (as well as national) contempt on his mother for personifying the sins of her country, to be viewed as a sympathetic or even a credible figure? Apart from the fact that the play's ending is wholly unconvincing, its moral and intellectual confusion is exasperating.

The play is well acted by Maureen Delaney and John McGiver, who have the only amusingly written parts, and by Mike Kellin, Larry Hogman, Lois Nettleton whose parts are miserably written. Fay Compton strikes me as disastrously miscast. She is villainously directed to play the villain.

ART

Maurice Grosser

WISHING to see again some of the museums of New England, I profited by a week-end in Massachusetts to visit the Wadsworth Athenaeum of Hartford, the Smith College Museum in Northampton, the Worcester Museum, and the art museums of Springfield — as many stops as one week-end would permit.

The smaller New England museums have a color all their own. Rich as they are in works of art, they do not pretend to be treasure houses. Their aim is not so much to own art as to show it. Primarily educational institutions, they do not attempt to direct taste; they exemplify it. For the most part they are privately endowed, and thus independent of state subsidy and popular favor; as disinterested members of the republic of arts and letters, they direct themselves solely to that solid social class so important in New England — the college educated. They are as characteristic of the region, and as admirable, as the New England school teacher, and just as different one from another.

Of those I visited, the Wadsworth Athenaeum is the most sumptuous. Its collection is the most important, its establishment the most urbane. The entrance hall with its Baroque marble fountain was expressly designed for elegant functions and civic displays (the ball held there in 1935 with paper costumes and decorations by Tchelitchew is still remembered) and its Avery Memorial Theatre was inaugurated by the first performance of the Stein-Thomson opera, *Four Saints in Three Acts*.

The principal part of the Athenaeum's collection is known to New York from having been shown here last year at Knoedler. It contains one of the best Rembrandts in America — a portrait of a young man, hard, handsome, determined and secretive; one of the most striking of all the Zurbarans — a *Saint Serapion* in the white robes of his order, fainting in chains; and a beautiful panel by Goya of two women conversing, in his cheerful, early, tapestry-cartoon style. The museum is rich in Baroque and Mannerist paintings which A. Everett Austin, its late director, was one of the first to esteem. There is a surprising number of first-rate pictures by comparatively unknown names. Contemporary pictures are numerous and well selected and include the collection of *Ballets Russes* designs, both scene and costume drawings which Serge Lifar inherited from Diaghilev. Everything connected with the institution is marked by a taste that is at once lively, distinguished, bold and up-to-date.

THE Smith College Art Museum is more sober in its installation as befits the working museum of a college. Its collection properly avoids a general panorama of art — so easily available in the large municipal museums — and specializes in the French 19th century, on the sound scholastic ground that this is the source of all contemporary painting. Its two most spectacular pictures, an enormous unfinished Courbet and an even larger unfinished Degas, were certainly acquired for the light that such uncompleted work throws upon a painter's methods. The Courbet — *La Toilette de la Mariée* — is an elaborate and spacious composition, six by eight feet, with some fourteen figures. It is painted with a flat brutality that is surprising in so highly skilled an artist, and almost makes one suspect that the picture had been carried further than Courbet left it, by a less skillful hand. The Degas — *La Fille de Jephté* — is more convincing. It has rich warm color, a biblical setting, and numerous figures in every degree of finish. Since the picture has not been completely pulled together, the subject and action are by no means clear. It nevertheless remains one of the most interesting of Degas' early works and the largest and most elaborate he attempted in the Beaux Arts Competition style.

Along with these are Bonnards, Vuillards, a fine Cézanne and one of the best of Seurat's preparatory paintings for *La Grande Jatte*. There is a sketch for a *Maréchal de France* by Hyacinthe Rigaud; an unexpected gray and green landscape, by Gauguin, of the Paris suburbs; a spectacular imaginary view of the pyramids by Hubert Robert; an equally romantic *Nocturne* by Eugène Berman, and one of the finest of the 1920 Cubist Picassos. The French part of the

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WANTED: I need **secretarial** and **editorial** assistance for putting into final shape a book-length manuscript that gives extremely important, never-disclosed facts about the case of **Julius and Ethel Rosenberg**—facts that can rip that "closed" case wide open. My immediate need is for a **typist** to type up revised copies of the manuscript and an **editor** to give it a critical look, the work to be paid for when the book is published or earlier if I can manage it—that is, if I can get the funds.

The manuscript is tentatively titled **The Suppressed Facts in the Rosenberg Case** and it centers on what sounds like idiocy or madness—the alleged betrayal of a world-shaking secret in 1945 and the sealing of an alleged copy of that secret in 1951 by the Rosenberg trial judge **at the request of the Rosenberg defense attorney.** The gist of what the facts convey is that the avowed foes of the Rosenbergs were engaged in a horrible miscarriage of justice while their avowed friends were engaged in the concealment of information that could have transformed the hostile climate of opinion on the case—**and still can.**

How do I come by the facts?

I am one of the "intruders and interlopers"—the quote is Judge Kaufman's—who, over the resistance of the Rosenberg defense attorney and defense committee, forced their way into the case with action that came within a hair's breadth of snatching the Rosenbergs from death. My intrusion began in November 1952 when I published a pamphlet criticising the conduct of the defense, and it climaxed on the 17th of June, 1953, when a petition in my name as "next friend" of the Rosenbergs obtained from Supreme Court Justice Douglas that world-stirring last-minute stay of the execution.

The Rosenberg case is responsible for dangerous confusion in millions of minds, confusion that could work tremendous havoc if an unscrupulous demagogue decided to make use of it in a time of national tension. In the opinion of qualified people who have read my manuscript, its publication could go a long way towards the clearing of that confusion. Three world celebrities—Albert Einstein, Lion Feuchtwanger and Lewis Mumford — had read early drafts of the manuscript and gave it high praise in their letters of comment—Einstein thought it "excellent." More recently Stephen H. Fritchman, the distinguished Minister of the First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles, after reading the manuscript, included in his letter of comment: "You have done a tremendous service to the cause of human justice in preparing this material. I am appalled at the implications . . ."

Not least among the implications is the fate of the surviving codefendant in the Rosenberg trial—Morton Sobell, the young scientist who is serving a 30-year sentence on the flimsiest evidence and the testimony of a self-confessed perjurer. My manuscript has a revealing chapter entitled "The Crime Against Morton Sobell." The defense efforts made on his behalf in the past five years have centered on a legalism that left the public as cold as the courts—the issue of whether the Government used proper or improper means for effecting his arrest. Since Sobell was tried jointly with the Rosenbergs for one and the same conspiracy, an effective attack upon the foundation of the case against the Rosenbergs is bound to undermine the case against Sobell.

Involved in my manuscript are other important issues that have relevance to the progress of truth, freedom and justice. With adequate secretarial and editorial assistance it could be ready for publication in a month or two. Those in a position to help, please address:

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collection is supplemented by works from other schools, such as examples of American and English 18th century portraiture and English Romantic landscape. As one can see from the works cited, the pictures at Smith have been chosen with an eye to their value as typical or instructive examples.

THE Worcester Museum is a handsome building in a classical Renaissance style. It is richer and older than Smith; its scope is also wider.

From the main entrance hall with its Roman mosaic pavement from Antioch, one moves through a series of ascending galleries, from Egyptian and Mesopotamian, through Classical and Oriental, and so on to the work of today. The early exhibits, though not numerous, are carefully selected, — a wonderful Catalan 12th century altar frontal, for example, a particularly fine Cambodian head, and enchanting Persian miniatures. Later painting has a more copious display. There is Piero di Cosimo's delightful *Discovery of Honey*, with all the fauns and satyrs banging pans to drive the swarm of bees, and Bacchus and Silenus thoroughly enjoying the excursion. There is a *Diane de Poitiers*, perhaps by Clouet, pale and bejewelled at her dressing table. There is a *Bergamask Captain* in black on gray by Morini, and two wonderfully cheerful Hogarths of a Mr. and Mrs. William James, so pleased at being painted.

The museum is rich in early American portraits (fine ones by Christian Gullgher whom I have not encountered elsewhere) and in 19th and 20th century Americans. One remembers especially a beautiful Whistler of a woman in a short, fur-trimmed jacket, painted in easy, liquid brushwork; and a late Monet of *Waterloo Bridge* in a purple dusk. The moderns include a well-known boy in profile by Picasso, a monumental standing nymph by Braque, and the various styles of abstraction. The whole establishment has something of the municipal dignity of New York's Metropolitan.

SPRINGFIELD has two art museums. One, the George Walker Vincent Smith, has nothing of this intellectual elegance. Erected in 1895 to house the Smith collection, it is a dusty period piece, a monument to a taste now gone out of fashion. Amidst its armor, porcelains, bronzes, Renaissance-style furniture and other *objets d'art*, hangs an oil depicting Mr. Smith himself, his kindly face set off by a snowy two-pronged beard, and his severer wife, surrounded by their treasures. Some of the Oriental objects he amassed may be very fine — I am not capable of judging — but the statuary and pictures are without exception dreadful: polychrome marble busts of Germanic warrior maidens, Canova's *Queen Elizabeth* with ruff in bronze, and justly forgotten American and Italian genre painters of the eighties in massive gilded frames. One wonders how any collector in that vigorous age of painting could have guessed so consistently wrong.

The real museum in Springfield, the Museum of Fine Arts, is quite another matter. It is a fairly recent institution. The building itself dates from thirties and is in the severe, uncorniced Rooseveltian post-office style of the time. The collection is perhaps less rich than Worcester's, but has a remarkable piquancy. One remembers, for example, a 14th century Catalonian *Fall of Simon Magus* by Domingo Valls, in which the presumptuous ecclesiastic is ridden in his fall by three black spiky demons, while saints and gentlemen watch from below in scandalized disapproval. Here is the only Guardi portrait I have seen — a young boy in the blue and gold brocaded uniform of a Venetian military academy.

There is an exceptional Courbet of *M. Nodler the Younger*, an intense and unpleasant student-intellectual; and a quite wonderful unfinished painting of a vivid young man with palette and mahlstick — obviously a self-portrait by a painter — but here attributed to Delacroix as a study for a portrait of the Baron von Schwiter. The 19th and 20th century American group includes among its examples of *trompe l'oeil* John Haberle's torn *20 Dollar Bill* — the most deceiving I have seen. There is a fine collection of American primitives, the grandest being the fantastic and enormous nine-by-thirteen foot *Historical Monument to the American Republic* by Erastus Salisbury Field. This, a mad architect's dream, presents an edifice with ten pinnacled and becolumned marble towers, linked at the top by ribbons of girders, adorned with numbered bas-reliefs and statues illustrative of events in American history, the whole surrounded by trees, lawns and visitors in 1880 costumes, and enlivened by inscriptions in biblical, prophetic and topical vein. Pictures such as these, perhaps not the most valuable but each in its way unique, and chosen with an odd and humorous acumen, are what give the Springfield Museum its particular distinction. And museums such as this, not the richest, perhaps, but numerous and well directed, are what most clearly reflect New England's intelligent preoccupation with art and culture.

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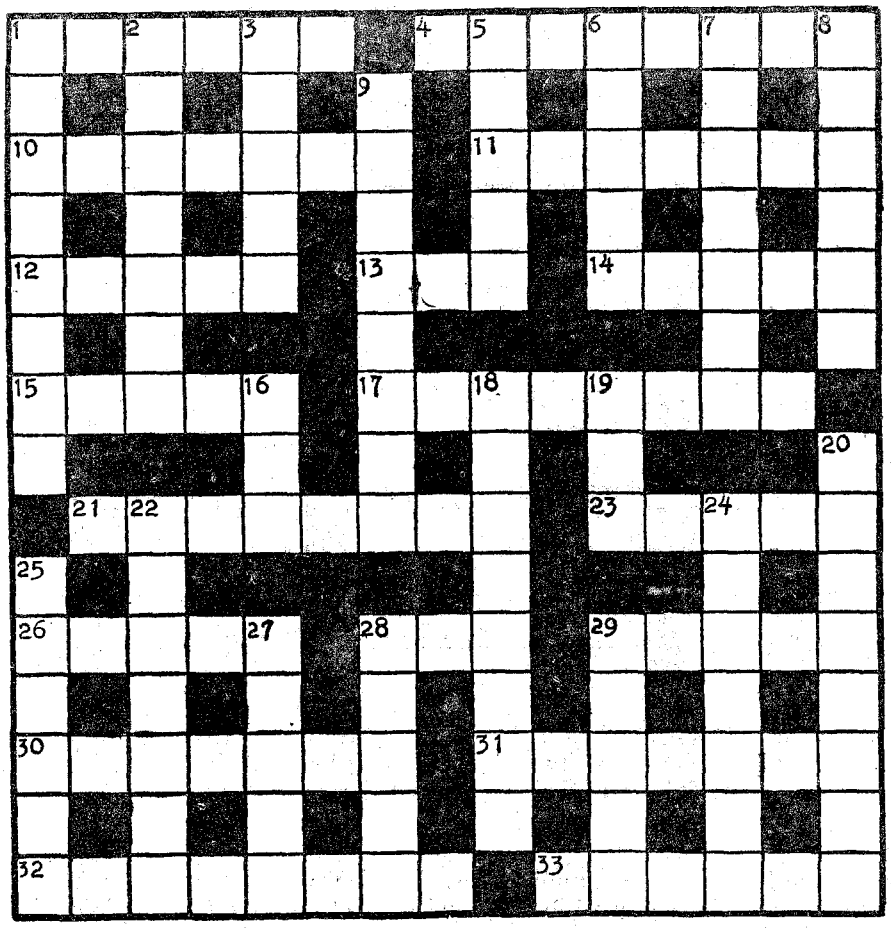
Crossword Puzzle No. 811

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Skate, for example, expected to be quiet. (6)
4 Was 3 down their next-to-last? (8)
10 What he does if his corset's too tight is a center of uncle's trouble! (7)
11 Does one have a capital hiding place, if somewhat less than most wealthy? (7)
12 and 13 Gets a certain amount of help otherwise denied as aiding the cause. (8)
14 Make 30. (5)
15 See 29 down
17 Nippers — or is their capacity larger? (8)
21 Approaches the extremities, but about equal — and measures both. (8)
23 Drop a sort of Bostonian snipe, by the sound of it. (5)
26 and 28 Discovers no response upon calling, evidently. (5, 3)
29 Certainly not 29 down and 15. (5)
30 How the ogre's wife ended up in the doorway? (7)
31 The model of a rather well-turned bird? (7)
32 Set off with a school partner around.
33 Saturday or Sunday might be a bad time for getting something done. (3-3)

DOWN:

1 Is a snail somewhat like a phoney nickel? (8)
2 See 16 down
3 Part of Cooper's production of guncases. (5)
5 The poet's heart is certainly not full, considering it's shape. (5)
6 and 19 Where the game might be held in England. (It's as good as won! (2, 3, 3)
7 He might take off the Latin way of gaining height. (7)
8 This is more universally balanced than 5. (6)
9 Is Repeal to be considered a growing support? (8)
16 and 2 The height of lovey-dovey behavior for the star— (3, 7)
18 — and plant a kiss on the bald pates as you wait there! (3, 5)
19 See 6 down
20 Need just this in the abandoned manner? (8)
22 See 24 down
24 and 22 Certainly not quick in the daytime! (Walpurgis characters, no doubt!) (3, 4, 2,5)
25 See 29 down
27 Germanic form of a sort of 28 down, like the Maine air. (5)
28 The director might cry at the start! (5)
29, 15 across, 28 across, and 25 down Blind, as well as dumb? (If you don't see it, don't worry about it!) (3, 2, 5, 3, 2, 4)

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